

Torrance Herald

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KING WILLIAMS - GLENN W. PFEIL
REID L. BUNDY - Managing Editor
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A Bright Note

A bicycle ridden proudly to grammar school, put away for occasional use in high school; a teddybear once loved relegated to the closet, games played again and again with delight, dolls cuddled till the cuddling arms no longer cared for inanimate children, a ball once bounced with gusto — these loved objects, glamour lost, were given by Torrance High School students to live anew for some child this Christmas.

The Spirit of Christmas burned brightly for Torrance High School students with the donation of many toys, dolls, games, books, and puzzles.

Too often today we criticize the youth of our country for its seemingly heartlessness, yet they themselves can respond beautifully to almost any situation when requested. The donated toys, no longer needed by maturing young adults, will serve a useful purpose again and rekindle the light of human kindness in an ever-darkening world where suspicion, fear, and distrust run rampant. (The above was submitted to the HERALD by a high school official following the campaign this week. We are happy to concur.)

Morning Report:

President Kennedy's interview in Ivestia is still being discussed around the world. I've read whole commentaries based on what the President could have said but didn't.

But everybody is forgetting Alexi Adzhubel, publisher of Ivestia. And after all, he had almost as much to say as the President. In fact, for every 18 words that Mr. Kennedy got in, the publisher came up with 10.

Now, I don't generally advise publishers. I just cash their checks. But I'll tell Mr. Adzhubel that the next time if he can keep his mouth shut, he might get even a better story.

—Abe Melnikoff

Opinions of Others

"An American and a Dutchman were talking. 'What does your flag look like?' asked the American.

"It has three stripes," said the Dutchman, 'red, white and blue. We say they have a connection with our taxes. We see red when we talk about them, white when we get out the bill and we pay till we're blue in the face.'

"That's how it is here," said the American, 'only we see stars, too.' — Wadesboro, (N.C.) Messenger & Intelligencer.

"It . . . is certainly the time to put all governmental spending under the public glare and start pruning those programs which are not of immediate importance to the overall problem of national defense.

"A sound defense is necessary, and we will gladly pay the cost. But let's not spend money as though it were going out of style." — Klamath Falls, (Ore.) Herald.

Out of the Past

From the Pages of the HERALD

80 Years Ago

Back in 1931 the pall of depression hung heavily over the small industrial and agricultural community of Torrance. An announcement on the front page issue of Dec. 17, 1931, of the HERALD stated the Torrance Relief Society requested all donations to the Christmas basket fund be handed in to the Society's quarters at 1803 Cabrillo not later than the following Tuesday afternoon. Volunteers were to fill baskets and distribute them to the needy families of the community. One of the largest contributions of \$121.25 represented proceeds from a benefit dance staged by the police and firemen.

Brimming curbs, raincoats, galoshes, steamed windows and more or less enthusiastic comments on the downpour accompanied 1.57 inches of rain here on Sunday night and Monday. The pre-Christmas rain brought the season's total to 4.57 inches, a three-inch increase over 1930.

Disregarding the curt command to "Stick 'em up and make it snappy," F. W. McMullen, assistant manager of the Lomita branch of the California Bank, equally brief, consigned the gunman-speaker to the nether regions and ducked under the counter at 2:25 o'clock yesterday afternoon. The gunman fired in McMullen's general direction, missed, and fled with a companion who had remained standing by the entrance to the bank.

Next Tuesday evening has been set aside by the Protestant churches of Torrance for annual Sunday school Christmas observances. All of the city's churches will hold special programs to which parents and the general public are invited.

20 Years Ago

Soaring with the surging tide of patriotism that follow-

ed Japan's attack on Pearl Harbor, sales of defense bonds and stamps spiraled more than 500 per cent here in Torrance during the first week of World War II. The great demand for the securities led Postmaster Earl Connor to announce today that those desiring to buy bonds for Christmas gifts should do so at once because the supply is very limited here and almost exhausted in Los Angeles.

A rising tide of dissatisfaction over strict, literal enforcement to the city building ordinance adopted Nov. 19 following the Nov. 14 earthquake, broke out into the open at the City Council meeting Tuesday night. Four



TEN YEARS AGO . . . Construction on the edifice for the new Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints (Mormon) at Cabrillo Avenue and 220th Street was progressing, and the HERALD reported in December 1951 that the \$100,000 structure was scheduled for completion early in the following year. A banquet of church backers raised \$4,000, the story said. (Herald Photo)

The Boss is Believable If He's Not a Nice Guy

By JAMES DORAIS

Is the Organization Man on the way out and the Rugged Individual due for a comeback?

The traditional image of The Boss was of a fiercely individualistic character, autocratic and creative, whom lesser lights around the business establishment often approached with fear and trembling. He usually scorned working through committees and couldn't have cared less about the modern pseudo-science of human relations.

He also usually possessed a high degree of personal cour-

age. Perhaps the archetype of the old-fashioned Boss was Montgomery Ward's Sewell Avery who preferred to be carried out of his office by Uncle Sam's soldiers rather than knuckle under to a federal agency's decree.

During the last couple of decades, however, The Boss has acquired a new image. Now he's a nice guy. He knows all about human relations and is concerned about keeping every one in the organization happy. He defers to the suggestions of his subordinates, usually advanced as a consensus reached in a series of committee meetings.

The Boss' changed image has been the subject of scores of books in recent years, probably the best known of which is "The Organization Man" by William H. Whyte Jr., a former editor of Fortune Magazine. Mr. Whyte pointed out that not only The Boss changed but everyone in the office along with him.

Today's junior executive, the author maintained, is a cog in the organization, and studiously seeks to submerge any evidence of non-conformity. He has usually been hired, prior to graduation from college, by business recruiters who have sold him on the stability of the company and the fringe benefits, pension and insurance plans that go with the job.

He has been carefully checked out to be sure that he gets along with the group and has few if any atavistic individualistic traits. Recently, however, it appears that a significant number of large businesses have become disenchanted with the Organization Man.

In a nationwide survey, the Wall Street Journal has found that many companies have quite trying to fit their people into a mold. Some have even abandoned the Rorschach and other personality tests so dear to the collective heart of the personnel department.

What has happened, apparently, is that it's been discovered that blandness does not sell goods, and that in business, as in baseball, nice guys don't win.

And if The Boss suddenly becomes an ogre again, most people, including those who work for him, will probably breathe a sigh of relief. He was always more believable that way.

Mailbox

Marco Challenged

I really enjoy reading your newspaper very much, and I don't usually pay much attention when I do happen to read something I don't go along with; but when I have to sit by and let our most gracious first lady be insult-

ed, I think it is a little too much.

I am referring to Count Marco's article in the Dec. 10th issue.

It is true that one is entitled to one's opinion, but if he is as good as he tries to have people believe he is, then it is my opinion that he would be able to adjust to the modern mode of living which will be, Marco or no.

I think he should wake up to the fact that he is just a little pebble on a big, big beach. Individuality is a good thing in his line of work, but if it isn't used right, it can be rotten.

I am truly sorry that it was allowed to be (printed).

DISAPPOINTED READER

Herald Thanked

Editor, Torrance Herald
I would like to take this opportunity to thank you personally and on behalf of the Community Chest for donating so much space in your paper during the current campaign.

Naturally, without newspaper support, the Chest would not function the way it does, nor would we recruit support of so many local citizens.

This, I feel, adds in no small measure to the Chest's charitable cause.

Thanks once again.

JACK GREGORY
Publicity
Community Chest

A Bookman's Notebook

A Golden Era of Movie Palaces Shown in Book

William Hogan

A rousing series of footnotes to show-business history is preserved in a book called "The Best Remaining Seats." This is a pictorial history of the golden era of the movie palace put together by Ben M. Hall, who looks back with humor and affection on this branch of America's age of wonderful nonsense.

The movie cathedral blossomed in the affluent and innocent 1920s. It came to full flower in such Babylonian extravaganzas as the New York Roxy and the San Francisco Fox. In many of these pretentious flagships, corps of ushers were the envy of the Bolivian Navy and were outperformed only by symphony orchestras that rose and fell aboard the hydraulic lifts.

Impresarios such as Sid Grauman of Hollywood (the Million-Dollar Theater, the Egyptian, the Chinese) and S. L. Rothafel, or "Roxy," of New York, never allowed themselves to be bothered by the fact that the movies they showed weren't much good. To the ticket-buyer the decor and the stage fireworks more than made up for Thomas Meighan in "White and Un-tamed," or Gloria Swanson in "The Loves of Sunya."

Item: The Roxy, which opened in March 1927, was so swell that frankincense was pumped from the air-conditioning ducts.

Ornate and mostly vulgar displays of elegance for the masses, the big movie houses were always an experience to visit. They were marked by grand staircases, crystal chandeliers, Andalusian, Persian, Baroque and italo-Flamboyant fakery—all of it suggested Helen E. Hokinson's cartoon of a child in a theater lobby asking: "Mama—does God live here?"

Some of the best of this fine and funny report from the annals of American taste centers on the San Francisco theaters of the '20s. This was the apex of the Fanchon & Marco revues, the Sunkist Beauties and the band leader Rube Wolf, who renamed his group the "Tomb Twisters" for one stage finale that was right out (or way out) of "Aida."

This is a classic rundown on the mores and movie exhibition of the period between the beginning of Prohibition and the Great Depression. The photographs that punctuate Ben Hall's text are an eye-filling show themselves.

A panorama of the American variety stage, "A Pictorial History of Vaudeville," assembled by the theatrical historian Bernard Sobel, will appear from Citadel this week (\$6.95).

This observes the glitter, honky-tonk and assorted talent of the form from the era when Jenny Lind, the Swedish Nightingale, toured the U. S. under P. T. Barnum's sponsorship, to Ethel Barrymore, who represented "class" on the two-a-day.

Pretty much a family album of the trade, it is a grand and nostalgic tour for those who, in more innocent

years, were addicts to this branch of the arts.

"The Joey Adams Joke Dictionary," compiled by the irrepressible comedian is

available from Citadel (\$4.95). ("This picture was photographed in a cemetery so it would have a plot.")
The Best Remaining Seats. By Ben M. Hall. Clarkson N. Potter: 259 pp. illus. \$12.50.

Around the World With



DELAPLANE

"We heard of an island called Grand Cayman in the Caribbean Sea and wonder if this is the place we are looking for in a quiet, inexpensive place?"

I doubt it—though I've only been there once. It looked like one of those low, sea-grass places where any wind would blow monotonously.

There has been some hotel development there. Maybe it's better than it looked to me.

A good rule on islands: Choose volcanic islands with peaks to break the wind and some high ground to break the everlasting coconut palm growth.

Beaches are usually better. More sand and less coral, too.

This is not the best time, economically, to go to the Caribbean. The area is built on a few months season. Prices on hotels and food drop about half during the summer.

And not because the weather is bad in the islands. It's because during the winter season the weather is bad up north. It drives people south.

"... the liveliest place to be in Hawaii at Christmas"

Probably the Hilton Hawaiian Village. They go most for shows and continual entertainment. But you can wander around Waikiki and see for yourself. It's all walking distance.

"We want to put that Hawaiian phrase for 'Merry Christmas' on our cards but forget how it goes."

Mele Kalikimaka—just Anglicized phonetics on account of the short number of consonants in missionary translation of original Hawaiian.

"... a suggestion for Christmas and Christmas Eve while we are in London?"

I did this a year ago: Early show—they start about 6. Supper and dancing at the May Fair Hotel.

The British Travel and Holidays Association, New York City, will send you a list of Christmas festivals, which might be better for review. Their magazine, "Coming Events in Britain" for December, should be loaded with ideas.

"I'm being given a cruise to Acapulco for Christmas . . . what do I wear?"

This is a real formal job. More than usual. You'll be spending both Christmas and New Year's Eve at sea. Tuxedos for the men, ball gowns for the gals. (I fake it with a linen coat and dark slacks.)

There are parties every night. So your formal clothes really get a workout on this trip. There's a Mexico night, a Hawaii party, a touch of France, a simulated New Orleans Mardi Gras and the Captain's Ball.

When you get to Acapulco, anything goes in the way of clothes. If you leave the ship and travel overland to Mexico City, take the clothes you'd wear on a night out in San Francisco. Very dressy town.

THE WAY THEY GO: The Lurline leaves Los Angeles Dec. 23 and arrives in Acapulco Dec. 27. It sails back to California Dec. 30 at midnight, arriving in Los Angeles Jan. 3.

Stan Delaplane finds it impossible to answer all of his travel mail.

For his intimate tips on Japan, Italy, England, France, Russia, Hawaii, Mexico, Ireland, and Spain (10 cents each), send coins and stamped, self-addressed, large envelope to Stan Delaplane, The Torrance Herald, P.O. Box RR, Torrance, Calif.

Quote

We can have the wisest legislators, the most erudite judges, and jurors of the greatest integrity; but if the policeman is weak, then the whole structure is weak — Stephen P. Kennedy, ex-New York police chief.

The greatest danger in any country is for the people to believe that there is anything absolute about security. — J. E. St. Sure, Richmond, Calif.

Start educating our children from the cradle to stand up and be counted for freedom and democracy and it won't be long till communism fades from our land — Marion Maueth, San Lorenzo.

An inspired minority that stands for something with backbone can do amazing things. — James M. Pollak, Beverly Hills, about GOP.

LIFE'S LIKE THAT

By FRED NEHER

